



"Kitty wondered what Thomas was doing. (Thomas was rubbing ointment on his raw knuckles.)"

jects  
ntine  
y this  
gerty  
lot a  
The  
into  
He  
The  
le,—  
as an  
er of  
and  
corner  
into  
reed  
count  
ad as  
hair.  
thing.  
cotic

"Nothing doing yet," he confessed to the anxious manager. "But there ain't any cause for you to worry. You're not responsible for jools not left in the office."

"That isn't the idea. It's having the thing happen in this hotel. We'll add another five hundred if you succeed. Not in ten years has there been so much as a spoon missing. What do you think about it?"

"Big case. I'll be back in a little while. Don't tell the reporters anything."

HAGGERTY was on his way to a nearby chemist whom he knew when he espied Crawford in his electric, stalled in a jam at 42d and Broadway. He had not seen the archeologist since his return from Europe. "Hey, Mr. Crawford!" Haggerty bawled, putting his head into the window.

"Why, Haggerty, how are you? Can I give you a lift?" "If it won't trouble you."

"Not at all. Pretty hot weather."

"For my business. Wish I could run off to the seashore like you folks. Heard o' the Maharaja's emeralds?"

"Yes.—You're on that case?"

"Trying to get on it. Looks blank jus' now. Clever

bit o' work. Something new. But I've got news for you, though. Your man Mason is back here again. I thought I wouldn't say nothing t'you till I put my hand on his shoulder."

"I'm sorry. I had hoped the unfortunate devil would have sense enough to remain abroad."

"Then you knew he was over there?" quickly. "See him?"

"No. I shall never feel anything but sorry for him. You cannot live with a man as I did for ten years and not regret his misstep."

"Oh, I understand your side. But that man was a born crook, an' the cleverest I ever run up against. For all you know, he may have been back of a lot o' tricks Central never got hold of. I'll bet that each time you went over with him he took loot an' disposed of it. I may be pigheaded sometimes; but I'm dead sure o' this. Wait some day an' see. Say, take a whiff o' this an' tell me what you think it is." Haggerty produced the handkerchief.

"I don't smell anything," said Crawford.

Haggerty sniffed the handkerchief and sniffed, gently, then violently. All he could smell was reminiscent of washtubs. The mysterious odor was gone.

#### CHAPTER XIV

THIS is not a story of the Maharaja's emeralds: only a knot in the landing net of which I have already spoken. I may add with equal frankness that Haggerty, upon his own initiative, never proceeded an inch beyond the keyhole episode. It was one of his many failures; for, unlike the great fictional detectives who never fail, Haggerty was human, and did. It is only fair to add, however, that when he failed only rarely did anyone else succeed. If ever criminal investigation was a man's calling, it was Haggerty's. He had infinite patience, the heart of a lion, and the strength of a gorilla. Had he been highly educated, as a detective he would have been a fizzle. His mind would have been concerned with variant lofty thoughts, and the sordid would have repelled him: all crimes are painted on a background of sordidness. In one thing Haggerty stood among his peers and topped many of them,—in his long record there was not one instance of his arresting an innocent man.

So Haggerty had his failures. There are geniuses on both sides of the law. The pariah dog is always just a bit quicker mentally than the thoroughbred hound who hunts him; indeed, to save his hide, he has to be. Nearly